Enid Blyton™

two-by-two stories

Visitors in the Night

~ & ~

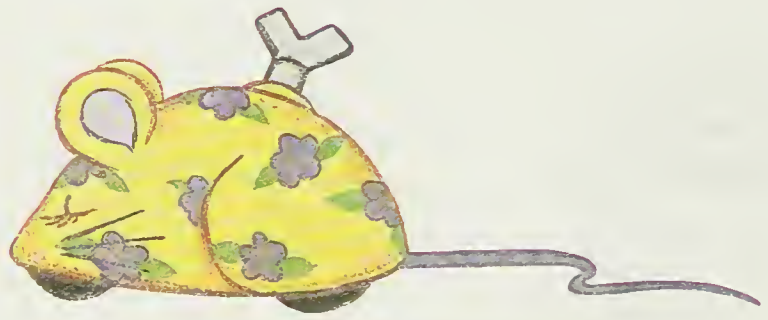
The Real Live Fairy Doll

Dear Emmie
I hope you enjoy
these new stories
your Mommy read
them all when
she was a little
girl.
I love you
Shevvy xxx

Visitors in the Night

~ & ~

The Real Live Fairy Doll



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Visitors in the Night

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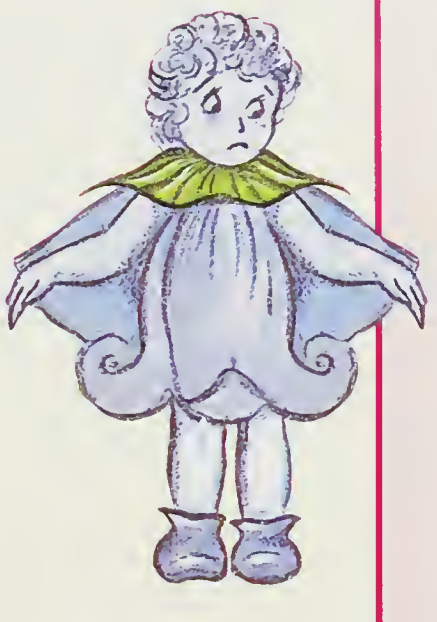
The Real Live Fairy Doll



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Visitors in the Night

The toys were very tired. They had had a very exciting day because the children had friends to tea – and all the toys had been played with.

"I simply can't keep my eyes open," said the pink cat. "It's no use. I must go to sleep."

"So must I," said the curly-haired doll. "I've been undressed and dressed so often today that I feel quite worn-out. I shall get into my cot and go to sleep."

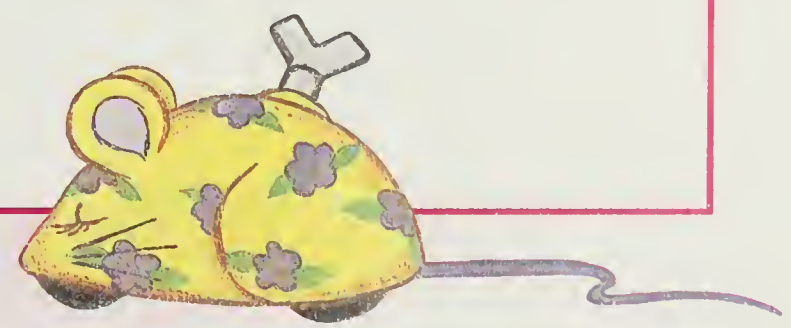
And so, when somebody came into the playroom in the middle of the night, nobody was awake! The bear was giving tiny little snores in his corner, and the pink cat was all curled up in hers.

Somebody pattered in from a hole behind the cupboard, and squeaked loudly: "A message! I bring a message!"

Nobody answered. Nobody saw the small brown mouse with the twitching nose and long whiskers. He stood there in the middle of the floor, looking round in surprise.

"Isn't anyone awake? I bring a message. A MOST important message."

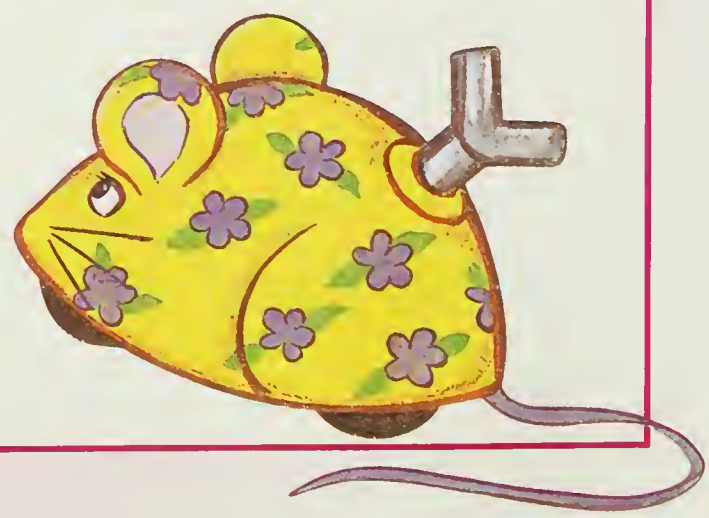
Still nobody woke up. The mouse looked for his best friend there – Clicky, the clockwork mouse. Ah, there he was. He ran over to him and pulled his tail hard.



"Clicky! Wake up! I've got a MESSAGE!"

Clicky woke up with a jump. "Dear me! What are you pulling my tail like that for?" he squealed.

"I've got a message from the five little fairies who live in Bluebell Wood," said the mouse, excitedly. "They came to a party given by the pixie who lives in our garden and, oh dear, they've fallen in the pond!"



"Goodness!" said the clockwork mouse. "Are they wet?"

"Yes, they're soaked through," said the real mouse. "And they sent me here with a message. Can the dolls' house dolls let them sleep in the dolls' house tonight? They simply must dry themselves, and get to bed, else they will have dreadful colds."

"I'll wake up the little dolls," said Clicky at once and soon he was knocking at the dolls' house door rat-a-tat-a-tat! The little mother-doll answered the door in her night-dress, most surprised.

When she heard about the wet fairies, she was quite upset. "The poor things! Mouse, go and bring them here at once. Are they small enough to come up your hole? They are?

That's good. Then they will be small enough to sleep in the beds in my little dolls' house."

Off went the mouse at once, and the dolls' house dolls began to be very busy indeed. They ran water in the little bath – they put out clean towels – they made the beds and warmed blankets by the tiny kitchen fire. What excitement there was!

Soon five wet, miserable little fairies came trooping out of the mousehole with the mouse leading them. All the toys welcomed them, because Clicky had told them the news, of course. They were all awake now, and anxious to make the tiny fairies happy.

"It's so kind of you." Said Tippitty, the biggest fairy. "We're so wet and cold!"

The mother-doll welcomed them into the dolls' house at once. "A hot bath for you!" she said. "And warm beds. And we'll give you hot soup to drink when you're in bed. I'll dry your clothes while you're asleep."

The five fairies felt much better after a nice hot bath. They wiped themselves dry with the little towels, and then put on nighties belonging to the dolls' house dolls. They fitted them beautifully.

"Into bed with you," said the kind little mother-doll. "Now – here comes your soup!"

Soon the five fairies were drinking hot soup out of the tea-set cups. They felt warm and happy. How lucky they were to find a little house like this, with beds just the right size.

"We shan't get colds now," said Tippitty. "We shall feel quite all right in the morning. Oh, what a comfortable bed this is!"

Soon all five had snuggled down. The mother-doll tucked them up. "Please will you leave the light on?" asked Tippitty. "Just in case we wake up and have forgotten where we are!"

So the lights were left on in the little house – and the toys came creeping to the windows to peep in.

"Look – there they are, tucked up in the little dolls' beds," whispered the toy soldier. "Aren't they sweet?"

"They are just the right size," said the pink cat. "Aren't we lucky to have five fairies sleeping here tonight? It is a very great honour."

They crept back to the toy cupboard and fell asleep again. The dolls' house dolls went to sleep too. Everyone was really very tired.

They didn't wake up till quite late. One of the children came scampering in at eight o'clock, on her way down to breakfast. She stopped in surprise when she saw the dolls' house.

"Why! The lights are on!"
she cried. "Jane! Come
and see! Somebody has left
the dolls' house lights on!"

Jane came running in too.
"Goodness, Eileen –
who could have left them on?"
she said. "I know we turned
them off last night.
Let's look inside and see if
anything has gone
wrong with them."

Good gracious me!
What a to-do there
was in the dolls'
house when the
dolls heard the
children outside!
The mother-doll
woke the five fairies
at once.

"Quick! You must dress and go," she said.
"The children are here – they may catch you
and take you to school to show their friends!"

But there wasn't time to dress – Jane and Eileen were looking through the windows – and they saw the five fairies hopping out of bed in a hurry.

They stared as if they couldn't believe their eyes. Then they ran to their mother's room. "Mummy! Mummy, do come! There are fairies in our dolls' house! Come quickly. They're the prettiest things you ever saw!"

But when their mother came to the playroom and went to look in at the windows, there were no fairies to be seen!

They had caught up their clothes, fled down the little dolls' house stairs, run across the floor, and disappeared down the mousehole at top speed. Tippitty fell over her night-dress, but picked herself up just in time.

"Oh! There's nobody here now!"
said Jane in dismay.

"There never was," said Mummy, laughing.
"It was just a joke of yours."

"It wasn't!" said Eileen. "And look, the front door is open now – and see, one of the fairies has dropped a little petticoat as she ran! Oh, what a pretty, cobwebby thing!"

She showed her mother the tiny petticoat. Tippitty had dropped it without knowing.

"Well – it's a most extraordinary thing – and I don't really believe it!" said Mummy. "Now, do come and have your breakfast. Bring the tiny petticoat to show Daddy, if you like – but he won't believe your tale either."

He didn't, of course – but he would have if he had peeped in at the playroom the next night, and had seen five small fairies tripping out of the mousehole with parcels under their arms – the night-dresses belonging to the dolls' house dolls, all beautifully washed and ironed!

"Thank you for your help last night," said Tippitty. "And here are the night-dresses you lent us – and also a little magic spell in a box. It will grant you any wish you like – but only one – so think carefully before you use it!"

Well, what a surprise – a magic wish of their own! They simply can't wait to use it – and I really do wonder what they will wish for, don't you?

The Real Live Fairy Doll

Gwen and Peter were very much excited because they were going to have a big Christmas tree that Christmas. What fun!

"Will it have a fairy doll at the top, Mummy?" asked Gwen.

"I do hope it will."

"You shall have a fairy doll at the very top!" said Mummy, "and lots of toys and candles all over the tree."

That night Daddy and Mummy went out to buy the tree and all the things to hang on it. They bought the prettiest fairy doll you ever saw, with wings of silver, and a dress that shone and glittered. She was to go at the top of the tree.

All the toys were hung on the tree, and the candles were slipped into their stands and clipped to the branches.

The doll was fastened to the very tip, and how grand she looked, shining there. Mummy and Daddy were very pleased.

The toys in the nursery sat and looked at the tree in delight, when Mummy and Daddy had gone downstairs. They thought they had never in all their life seen such a pretty thing. As for the fairy doll, they thought she was the loveliest toy in the world.

Then a most dreadful thing happened. What do you think? The poor fairy doll was not fastened tightly enough to the tree, and suddenly she felt herself falling!

"Help! Help!" she squealed.

But nobody could help her. She fell – she slid between the branches of the Christmas tree and landed with a bump on the floor.

All the toys rushed to pick her up.

But oh, dear me, she had broken both her nice little legs! What a dreadful thing!

"Whatever shall we do?" said the teddy bear. "Is there time for her to be mended before the children have the tree tomorrow night?"

"Let's go and ask the elf who lives under the nursery window," said the toy soldier. "She knows a lot. Perhaps she could mend the fairy doll."

So they called her in. She came dancing into the nursery and looked at the poor broken doll crying on the floor.

"I will take her to the Mend-Up Gnome," she said. "He will soon mend her nicely. She will be quite all right in twenty-four hours' time."

"Twenty-four hours!" cried the toys. "Goodness, won't the children be disappointed. They did so want a fairy doll to stand at the top of their Christmas tree tomorrow night!"

Everyone stood looking very gloomy – and then the toy soldier spoke up. He turned to the elf and said: "I say! Would you take the fairy doll's place do you think? You have silvery wings like hers and your dress is all shiny and glittering too. You would have a fine time at the top of the tree and you would see everything that was going on."

"Well," said the elf, thoughtfully, "well – let me see. Yes – I think I could do that for you. I love boys and girls and it would be fun to see them all dancing round the tree and having their presents. I'll just take this doll to old Mend-Up, and then I'll come back and fly up to the top of the tree!"

You should have seen how lovely she looked up there! The toys looked and looked at her – and when the party began the next day, how all the children stared to see such a beautiful fairy doll at the top of the tree!

She had a lovely time. She watched the children dancing – and do you know what she did when the grown-ups had gone out of the room to have some supper, and had left the children by themselves? She flew down from the tree, took hands with them and danced all round the tree, singing a little magic song in a high, silvery voice.

The children were surprised and pleased.

"I say! That's a wonderful fairy doll of yours!"

said one little girl to Gwen. "My doll talks and walks, but I've never seen one that could dance and sing!"

"It's a real, live fairy; that's what it is," said another little girl. "It's not a doll at all!" Just then the elf heard the grown-ups coming and she flew straight back to the top of the tree.

"Mummy!" cried Gwen. "Do you know, the fairy doll flew down from the tree and danced and sang with us!"

"Nonsense!" said Mummy, and nobody would believe that what the children said was true.

"Well," said Gwen to Peter, "when Mummy takes the fairy doll down from the tree tomorrow, she will find it is a real live fairy – and won't she be surprised?"

But the little fairy doll came back from Mend-Up the Gnome's that night, both her legs beautifully mended, and the toys helped her to climb to the top of the tree. The elf flew down and said good-bye to the toys.

"I have enjoyed myself!" she said. "And wasn't it fun

when I flew down and danced with the children? I nearly laughed out loud to see their surprised faces!"

The next day the children begged their mother to take down the fairy doll from the tree. They felt quite sure it was a real fairy, and not a doll. But when they saw her, what a disappointment!

"It's a doll after all!" said Gwen. "I wonder how it was she turned into a live fairy last night."

"Don't be silly," said Mummy, laughing. "I don't know why you keep telling that foolish story, Gwen. No fairy doll could come down from the tree and dance and sing."

"Well, it must have been a fairy then," said Peter. "So that settles it!"

He was quite right, wasn't he?

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